

HTTYD - Hiccups Twin

by Shadow Stik

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Summary: Just a slight parody of the original HTTYD Movie. The title gives away what this story is about really, but I hope you enjoy it anyway. I own nothing from any HTTYD Movie except for a copy of the DVD. UPDATE: Story is being revamped. Please look at my list of works on my profile for the new version.

1. Welcome to Berk

****_Hiccups Twin._****

****_Chapter 1: Hiccups Twin._****

****_Authors Note:** Hello again everyone, I know I have not have updated in a while and that is because I have sort of been lacking a little brainstorm for any ideas for a new story, but I am back with a new Fanfic and I hope very much that you all enjoy reading it as much as I enjoy writing it. Also, I know I may have already have said this, but I would like to thank everybody who writes those nice positive reviews for my other story and also those who enjoy it enough to thinks its worth following. I enjoy reading how everybody enjoys the stories and I will try to fulfil anybody's requests that have been written. Anyway, enjoy the story. Also, for those who don't know, POV means Point of View. And also, the name Eirik, which is the name for Hiccups brother that I will be using in this story is apparently an actual Viking name. And Astrid's Twin sisters name Sigridr is also supposed to be a real Viking Women's Name that supposedly means Beautiful Victory._**

Hiccups POV:

_This is Berk, its twelve days north of hopeless and a few degrees south of freezing to death, its located solidly on the viridian of misery. My Village sits upon the isle of Berk, it is in a word, sturdy, its been here for 7 generations but every single building is new. We have fishing, hunting and a charming view of the sunsets, the

only problems are the pests._

You see, while most places have mice or mosquitos, we haveâ€¦|. DRAGONS!

Well, my door almost got burnt to a cinder there, lovely wakeup call at like I can't tell how early in the morning.

"Quick, outta my way Hiccup!"

_Oh, that's my twin brother, Eirik, like all twins, he looks just like the other, only, this time, there are a few minor differences which is how everybody, (except short sighted people, or anyone who's just stupid, like our cousin Snotlout) can tell us apart. Im brown haired whilst his is black, and slightly shorter, and his eyes are Icy Blue. Otherwise we look exactly the same. Also, despite were twins, you might think that we remain relatively the same physically throughout most of our lives, we have, only despite you can't really tell because of our clothes and the fact that were both slightly thin, he is stronger than me. _

_He is also pretty much the teenage heartthrob on the island amongst the girls. Whenever we are seen together about the island, any girls nearby shunt me to one side and crowd him, I have gotten used to it but it still kinda sucks that everybody ignores me. And I mean everybody. _

We have a kinda good brotherly relationship, like whenever girls do swarm him, he politely waves them away to be nice, cause he notices it how I look on over at him, when it first happened though he couldn't stop bragging. He noticed though how I felt, and stopped. I appreciated it. We don't always have the best of a brotherly relationship. Its recently gotten slightly worse. But it still remains relatively the same. It's about midway between the relationship I have with our cousin Snotlout and a good brotherly relationship where we would hang out with each other a lot, So to put it simply, were on speaking term, we don't speak rudely to each other and we help each other out if it's needed, but that is about as far as it goes. I always thought it could be worse though, and I pray to the Gods that it doesn't.

"Hiccup! Hello! You gotta get to the forge!"

"Oh, right" I said.

"You Ok, you look worried, I always am, mostly about you, don't exactly wanna lose my brother, that would be a lousy way to start the day, except maybe an encounter with Snotlout, but that will probably happen sooner or later" I said slightly sarcastically.

"Cheers, C'mon, I'll take you to the forge, that will keep you safe and Dad won't be mad to see you outside during the Dragon Raid then like last time" Eirik said, with a hint of kindness in his voice.

"Thanks," I said.

"Right lets go before the house burns and we go down with it," Eirik ordered.

So we sprinted through the village towards my workplace at the forge. I am the apprentice to the Villages most popular and as far as I know, only blacksmith, Gobber.

"See ya Hiccup" my brother yelled as he quickly veered off the path toward a water barrel, his bucket already in and as he had grabbed it when we ran through the village.

"Right, see ya" I called back. I ran into the forge.

"How nice of you to join the party, I thought you'd been carried off" Gobber said sarcastically to me when I ran in.

"What who me?" responded, equally sarcastic, I then said "I am way to muscular for their tastes, they wouldn't know what to do with all this" I flexed my arm jokingly, just before Gobber said, once again sarcastically.

"Well they need toothpicks don't they"

"Let's go guys!" I heard my brother command to the Villages Fire Brigade Team.

The people on the team include Snotlout, a brute of a boy who has dark hair that looks like it was almost literally mashed beneath his helmet, the eternally fighting Twins, Ruffnut, the wild girl whom was constantly attempting to outdo her male twin, Tuffnut, the possibly psycho boy whom was constantly attempting to outdo his sister. Then there is Fishlegs, a large boy who is an expert on facts about Dragons, having studied the dragon manual Thor knows how many times. Then there is one more person.

Astrid.

Thor knows how long I have had a crush on her for. Years, since I was just a kid. I always had admired her and respected her. I just wish she admired and respected me back. Or at least noticed me. I don't think I have ever had an actual conversation with her. The only times I have ever talked to her is when she comes by the forge is when she needs her trademark weapon, her axe, sharpening.

She is always reluctant to hand over the axe to me if it needs something done to it because she, like everyone else, is sure I'll mess something up. I never have when it comes to making or modifying weapons but she still thinks I will. She has always loved her axe and is never without it. She has no idea who made her axe. She always assumed it was Gobber, as he was the islands best Blacksmith. But it wasn't.

Hope you enjoyed that chapter. Again, sorry for not uploading at all for a while. But if you have want to have a new story to read, this one WILL BE COMPLETED! I hope.

_In the next chapter you will find out who made Astrid's Axe, but I am certain you will all have figured it out already. I look forward to uploading the next chapter. See you all soon! _

2. The Dragon Raid

I HAVE RETURNED. So anyway, we are continuing with the story, and Hiccup explaining Astrid's Axe and its so far, somewhat small but blood filled history. Also, Astrid's Twin sister Sigridr makes an appearance in this chapter and she will be mentioned but its brief but don't worry, if any off you are keen to for her to remain in this story, she will survive to the end of it. Anyway, enjoy.

Chapter 2: The Dragon Raid.

_About 2 weeks before her birthday, her father, Cnut Hofferson, had come to the forge with what he thought was probably one of the most important requests he would ever make. Astrid's Tenth birthday was approaching and he thought it was time for her to have a weapon of her own, he had seen more times than he could remember admiring her father's axe collection and thus thought she would love an axe for her first weapon. _

He had already taken care of Astrid's Twin sister's weapon for her birthday, he had asked Gobber to make her the best sword he could and Gobber met his standards and may even have exceeded them, and Cnut Hofferson had INCREDIBLY high standards and it's no easy feat to reach them, let alone exceed them.

_So for Astrid, he asked Gobber to make the finest axe the island had ever seen, wanted it absolutely perfect and would take nothing less. He checked every day about the axe and when Gobber had presented what he had made for her, he simply said something wasn't right. After a week, Gobber told him he couldn't do it, saying that if what he had already made wouldn't do, then he couldn't make her the axe. So I asked Cnut if he would mind if I had a go. He reluctantly agreed.

_

So I immediately set to work, he was pleased to see my enthusiasm for such a task but was still concerned all the same. He told me to create a few different designs for Astrid's Axe, and said he would return in 5 days to see what I had come up with. He came back 5 days later just as promised and was incredibly impressed at what I had come up with. After looking through the selection, constantly considering and reconsidering, he finally chose an axe for Astrid, the second one I had made. He thanked me and said I had done a brilliant job and paid for the axe, and even added a little extra for doing so well.

He then took the axe back to his house and hid it alongside Sigrid's sword and waited for the girl's birthday. When their birthday finally came, after receiving their presents and celebrating for a while at their house, the girls could be seen running all over the village, fighting each other with their new weapons, though of course not aiming to kill. But during one of these said fights, Astrid scarred Sigridr by mistake on her arm, a couple of inches away from the elbow, for revenge, Sigridr scratched Astrid across the knee with her new sword. What happened when their father found out what they had done was a slight bit odd, at least in my opinion.

_Both girls were praised by their father for being able to fight so well with their respective weapons, before he yelled at them for scratching each other with their weapons as they could easily have fatally injured each other. So after warning them about what would happen if they injured each other again, especially if it was

deliberate, he went home. So the girls continued their duelling, only with more caution._

Speaking of said girls.

"Hiccup!" Sigridr called to me, Astrid hurrying alongside her.

"These weapons need sorting and stuff, so hurry up, some Vikings really need them before those damn dragons get the livestock" Astrid yelled at me.

"Right, Ok, right," I said stammering a bit, I usually stammer, but whenever my crush is near me, its worse, much worse. I grabbed the weapons and began working as quick as I could.

Minutes later, my sharpening and repairing of all the weapons was complete. I handed them back to the girls who then rushed off to find the Vikings in need of them.

"Hiccup!" Gobber called to me, "Man the fort Hiccup, they need me out there," he said, changing his left hand from one of the tools he uses for forging to a large, freshly sharpened double bladed axe. Then with a loud battle cry, he rushed off to fend off the dragons.

From what I could see from inside the forge, there were at least 4 different and deadly species of dragon laying siege to the village. The Deadly Nadder, a dragon with a flame that can supposedly burn with the heat of the sun, and the ability to shoot powerful poisonous spines from its tail at speeds even the most agile of Vikings can have difficulty in dodging, not that is many of those around anyway. Then there is the Gronckle, a large thick skinned dragon that launches fireballs as large as boulders that are as hot as lava, with a large spiky tail used for bashing through things should the need arise. After that, there is the Hideous Zippleback, a 2 headed dragon, with one head breathing gas that the other lights, causing explosions, excellent for breaking down wooden houses.

_And then, there is probably the most feared dragon of all, the Monstrous Nightmare, with the deadliest flame known to all the Vikings and the ability to set itself on fire without injury to itself but able to cause great pain to any Viking that tries to attack barehanded. _

_Now that I think about it, with Gobber gone from the forge, it might just be a good time to test a new invention of mine. My Bola Cannon called The Mangler. __**(Fun HTTYD Fact for you, apparently, the bola cannon that Hiccup used to shoot down toothless at the beginning of the first HTTYD movie was apparently called the mangler, which is why that's the name I gave it in this story.)**__ It is in short a sort of bola cannon, able to launch bolas with more power to get them to go farther than anyone throwing them by hand, and with a bit more accuracy thanks to a small hole you look through to get a better shot. _

_So I wheeled it out of the forge as fast as I could and headed for a cliff not too far from the forge, where some of the workers of the village were due to set up a new catapult defense soon. Right now though, the cliff was bare of anything except grass, making it an excellent lookout point to watch for enemies, or simply to watch the

sunset, like I had done a few times, whenever I felt like relaxing, it gave a pretty great view in my opinion. I sometimes used to test some of my other inventions here, so I wouldn't wind up ruining something in the village like I did by mistake in the pastâ€¦.. On multiple occasions._

Once I arrived at the cliff, I immediately set up the Mangler.

"Come on, give me something to shoot at, give me something to shoot at," _I muttered quietly. Then I heard it._

The whistling noise.

The whistling noise of the most elusive dragon of all.

The whistling of the most feared dragon known to all Vikings.

I suppose I was wrong when I said the Monstrous Nightmare was the most feared dragon. This one was even more feared. The most elusive and powerful dragon of all others.

_We call it theâ€¦. _

"NIGHT FURY!" I heard another Viking yell down in the village, near the base of the hill I was atop.

"GET DOWN!" another yelled.

Down in the village, all the Vikings were ducking down, in fear that they would be struck by one of the Night Fury's Blasts. All the Vikings on one of the catapults leapt down moments beforeâ€¦.

BOOM!

The Night Fury blasted the catapult, nearly destroying it entirely before zooming and curving backwards like a boomerang toward the catapult again.

This Dragon never steals food.

The Night Fury fired again.

Never shows itself

Andâ€¦.

BOOM!

Never Missesâ€¦. The rest of the catapult is blasted into nothing more than splinters.

No-one has ever killed a Night Fury, that's why Im going to be the first, and today might even be my chance. The Night Fury curved backwards again, probably heading to attack that other catapult near the one it just destroyed.

I aimed the Mangler ahead of the Night Fury's flight path andâ€¦.

Whoosh!

The Bola that I just fired soared through the air andâ€¦!

It struck the Night Fury that then let out a sort of shrieking noise, as though yelling for another dragon to help it. No Dragon answered its call and it continued falling through the air until it disappeared into the forest, near Raven Point.

"I hit it," I said quietly, hardly daring to believe it, "Yes I hit it! Did anybody see that?" I yelled happily, celebrating, though that was soon short lived.

A Monstrous Nightmare, possibly the same that was attacking the catapult before the Night Fury destroyed it crept up the cliff behind me, snapped its jaws, crushed my Bola Cannon and darted towards me.

I did the only thing I could.

I ran!

Hope you enjoyed the latest Chapter. I will upload more ASAP! Please be patient with me, I am kinda lame at keeping promises every now and then!

3. A Dark Encounter

Ok, I suppose I am doing a slightly lousy job sticking to my new deadline of uploading every Friday, I guess I have slacked of a bit. Sorry about that, but here is the next chapter as promised. AND THERE WILL BE MORE! I SHALL RETURN!

Chapter 3: A Dark Encounter.

Hiccups POV:

Me and Eirik walked through the forest for quite a while, I soon lost track of things a bit and several times I was walking whilst angrily marking off another location around Raven Point where we didn't find the Night Fury, Eirik had to stop me from tripping over or falling into things like logs and rabbit holes in the ground.

"Oh the Gods hate me," I said after marking off yet another empty location, "Some people lose their knife, their mug. No not me, I manage to lose an entire Dragon!" Out of anger, I smacked a tree to siphon of some of my frustration, but I only wound up with some more because the branch came right back and smacked me in the eye.

"Ouch!" I exclaimed.

"You all right?" Eirik asked.

"Eirik! What are you doing here?" I asked, before realising he had been with me the whole time.

"I was here the whole time Hiccup," he told me.

"Right, right," I said.

"Hiccup have you not noticed anything odd yet?" Eirik asked me.

"No, why?" was my response. I couldn't keep the note of frustration out of my voice at the fact me and Eirik hadn't found anything.

"Look around you," Eirik told me. So I looked around and saw a tree had been partially ripped open and had fallen over to the side, what's more, that ground had a great trail of dirt through it, as though something large had crashed and slid through.

"Be very quiet," I told myself and Eirik. I crept over to a small mound and peered over it. What I saw scared the life outta me.

It was the Night Fury I had struck down with my Bola Cannon, lying beside a rock, still bound by the Bolas, apparently asleep. I ducked down as fast as I could, and silently motioned for Eirik to come over and just peek over the mound. He too ducked down as quick as he could.

"You hit it," he whispered, "you really hit it Hiccup."

"I can't believe it either," I breathed, "I really did what no other Viking has ever done, not even Dad has ever caught a Night Fury, and he's caught loads of dragons."

"If you showed that Dragon to everyone else Hiccup, everyone would worship you, a Night Fury," Eirik said in the same low, shocked voice, "You have done what no-one else has, caught the most elusive Dragon of all. And the deadliest, tied up and defenceless. Other Vikings would kill to have done that, probably literally. Everyone would hail you as the most heroic Viking of all time. What you've always dreamed of, it can come true if you show everyone that dragon and kill it."

"I know," I breathed, "The ultimate prize, the dragon no-one's ever seen, the Night Fury."

"What are you going to do Hiccup," Eirik asked as quietly as possible, so as to avoid waking the dragon up.

"I dunno to be honest," I answered sheepishly, "I have always hoped for something like this, but now I have the chance, "I took a deep breath and continued, "I don't think I couldâ€¦ you know." My voice trailed off.

"Well, what now?" Eirik enquired. I shrugged.

"Hmm," I sat down and started thinking, when I heard a sort of growly groan. The Night Fury had gained consciousness. I peeked over the mound I was laying back on and looked down at the Night Fury. It was still lying there, making no attempt at an escape, probably thought it wouldn't have much of a chance given the position it was in, being tied up with the bolas and stuff.

"Well, it's awake," I told Eirik, who was still shocked at the fact the dragon was awake that he hadn't had a look himself.

"What's it doing?" Eirik muttered.

"Just lying there, probably thinks it can't escape still," I muttered back at him.

"Well, what should we do?" Eirik asked, a note of fear hidden in his voice, others may not have been able to hear it, but I know him so well that I can pick up on things and signals from him when others can't.

"Kill it," I said determinately.

"Are you sure?" Eirik asked. I nodded.

I cautiously climbed over the small mound and slid down the slope on the other side, and ducked down behind a large boulder, where just behind it was the Night Fury. I heard Eirik slip down behind me and he too took shelter behind the boulder.

I edged my way around the boulder and looked at the Night Fury. Its eyes were open and were looking straight at me. I was sure I imagined it, but I could have sworn that I saw fear in the eyes of the Night Fury. I raised my dagger high above my head, saying whilst I did this,

"Im gonna kill you dragon, Im gonna, Im gonna cut out your heart and take it to my father. A Viking, IM A VIKING!" I said proudly. The dragon let out a sort of moan that sounded as though it have given up. I raised my dagger as high as I could and look at the dragon. I stopped.

"I did this," I told myself; I let my arm drop loosely back to my side, dagger still in hand. Then, I did something I was certain no Viking had ever done before.

I walked over to the dragon and began to hack at the ropes binding it.

"Hiccup, what are you doing!" I heard Eirik call to me, he had left the shelter of the rock to see what was happening. And he was standing there with a very shocked look on his face.

The moment the ropes were all cut through, the dragon leapt up and pinned me to the rock and opened its mouth to reveal verge large, very wide, VERY, sharp teeth.

It opened its mouth wider than ever and took a deep breath. It's the end, I thought sadly, its going to kill me. But it didn't.

"HICCUP!" Eirik yelled at me.

The Dragon let out a very loud roar right in my face, I was surprised I didn't lose my hearing, before the Dragon leapt into the air and flew off deeper into the forest, accidentally hitting a small rough cliff face, roaring all the way, until I lost sight of it.

"Hiccup," Eirik asked worriedly.

That was the last thing I remember before fainting dead

away.

****_Eiriks POV:_****

Oh Gods that was close. Hiccup released the most dangerous Dragon of all, and instead of killing him, it simply flew away. But thank Thor he is alright.

I bent down and picked up Hiccups limp form, and slung him over my shoulder, picked up his fallen knife and carefully slipped it into the knife holster strapped to my boot and carried him back through the forest, back to the village. Thinking all the while.

Why didn't the dragon kill Hiccup. Whilst Im certainly happy that he is alright, that sort of behaviour isn't seen in dragons. No dragon, never in history as far as I know, has shown compassion to any person and not killed them, and Hiccup is known around the village as the most unlucky Viking in the History of Berk. Probably the history of Vikings themselves.

4. Going to Dragon Training

****_Ok, so this time I did the worst job of sticking to my deadline EVER! And I am really sorry about it, I should have said before, I am a massive gamer and there was a game I play on Facebook that featured an event that took up all my time because I was determined to win. I didn't, that sucked a lot, then the event ended on Thursday, Halloween. So the 6720 XP I earned was deleted, so that REALLY SUCKED! Anyway, sorry again I haven't been around for the last couple of weeks, but as a reward for your patience, if anyone still reads my stories, LOL, there shall be a bonus chapter and I will attempt to upload ON MY DEADLINE Now. Sorry again, I will try harder._****

When I reached the house, Hiccup finally began to waken. I put him on the ground and waited for a moment. Then he opened his eyes and looked up at me.

"Nice of you to wake up at last," I said to him coldly.

"Hey Eirik. Ugh, where are we?" Hiccup asked.

"Village," I grunted.

"You carried me all the way back," Hiccup asked, as he climbed to his feet, appearing rather amazed that I had managed to get him all the way back to the village by myself.

"Yeah, you're not exactly heavy Hiccup, the main problem was more about getting back up the hill cause where we were walking was mostly a massive sort of hill," I told him.

"Yeah, I suppose your right," Hiccup admitted.

"Come one, let's get inside," Eirik suggested.

We went back inside and headed up stairs to Hiccups room. Once there, I slugged him in the gut. Not massively hard to cause any long lasting damage, but enough to show him I was annoyed. Normally if it was just a joke or a warning when he is beginning to make me mad, I

would bat him lightly in the shoulder, but if I was really annoyed I would punch him in the stomach.

Once he had regained his breath from my sudden attack, he spoke.

"Gods Eirik, what was that for?" he wheezed at me angrily.

"For letting the dragon go," I muttered angrily, "It could have killed you!"

"But it didn't," Hiccup retorted.

"Not the point Im trying to make here Hiccup," I growled.

"Then what is the point?" Hiccup questioned.

"The point is, you and me and everyone else in this village have definitely seen what dragons are capable off. Loads of times," I explained angrily to him, "Maybe even hundreds of times. I wouldn't be surprised if it were, and they have killed our fellow Vikings without mercy," I told him angrily. "They are merciless monsters, and if that dragon had just wandering around in the forest and not tied up, I would bet half the village it would have killed you," I put plenty of emphasis on the you, "without batting an eyelid."

"Fine, fine, point taken," Hiccup said dully.

I refrained from slugging him again and only said "It better be." I was about to go on further when Dad called for us from downstairs.

"HICCUP. EIRIK. DOWN HERE NOW PLEASE!" Dads disembodied voice boomed exceptionally loudly up the stairs, easily reaching me and Hiccup. For whatever reason, if Dad ever raised his voice above his inside voice, he could only seem to yell or bellow.

"Lets go see what he wants," I said.

So me and Hiccup left Hiccups room and went down the stairs to our living, it was well furnished, well befitting a chief and his family.

It was slightly dominated by a large fire pit, and on the wall to the right, if you were entering via the front door, was a large collection of shields, axes and various over weapons, either spares in case one is lost or simply as a tribute to the past chiefs and their families. A sort of rule that we have is, the weapons that hung on the wall between the front door and the shield which was decorated with the 2 dragons that were eating each other's tails, then they were the ones that were allowed to be used for battle, any weapon's beyond that shield were to be left alone. It was a very strict rule.

_Once a warrior came up to house, (this was before Dad became chief, I think it was Dads great, great grandfather, or great grandfather,) to see if Chief Thangbrand the Thieving (Thangbrand is yet another real Viking name I found,) wouldn't mind him borrowing one of the weapons to help him defend his home from a dragon, he knew full well about the rule but ignored it completely. His punishment was death

for daring to use one of the former chiefs weapons for battle, fortunately, he never actually killed or even attacked with cause the Chief had come up to house to grab a new weapon and caught him._

_Dad had also when he told us that little story that explained how Thangbrand earned his name as Thangbrand the Thieving who was well renowned for having taught many in the village of his time to steal from our enemies and evade using stealth rather than the classic fight, kill and pillage strategy. __**(That story shall appear in the bonus chapter that I am going to upload.)**_

Sitting in the large Chiefs Chair in front of the fire pit was Dad, but he stood up as we entered.

"Hey Dad, you wanted to talk to us?" Hiccup said.

"Yes, I did," Dad said.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Hang on Dad, I have something I need to say, "Hiccup piped up.

"You go first son then," Dad said politely.

"No, no, you go first," Hiccup prompted.

"All right, you Eirik, get your wish and so do you Hiccup," Dad said. "Dragon training, you both start in the morning."

"Aw man, I should have gone first," Hiccup said, slightly worriedly. "I was just thinking lately that we have a surplus of Dragon fighting Vikings, Hiccup said whilst doing some sort of hand gesture that look rather like someone punching, "But do we have enough, bread making Vikings or small home repair Vikings-"

"You'll need this," Dad said cutting through Hiccup easily, dropping an axe that was to big for a scrawny person like Hiccup to handle into his arms, before he turned to me.

"And you'll need this Eirik," Dad said before dropping a brand new sword into my hand.

"Why do I need this Dad?" I asked.

"Because your old one was getting rather rusty and when I showed to Gobber, he told me it had gone beyond the point of repair, and whilst you were happy with it, you said it wasn't perfect anyway, so I had this one made and I made sure this one is." Dad said.

"Wow, thanks Dad," I said gratefully, whilst placing the sword in its new holster at my waist.

"I don't wanna fight Dragons," Hiccup piped again.

Instead of shocking Dad, like you probably would have expected, because fighting Dragons is every normal Vikings dream, then again, Hiccup could hardly be classified as normal, but this remark, instead of catching Dad of guard, made him _laugh._

"C'mon, yes you do," he chuckled.

"Rephrased," Hiccup continued. "I can't kill Dragons."

"But you will kill Dragons," Dad told him.

"No I am really very extra sure that I won't," Hiccup persisted.

"Its time Hiccup," Dad said in a slightly lower voice.

"Can you not hear me-"

"THIS is serious son," Dad cut across him. "When you carry this axe," Dad said whilst picking Hiccups axe out of his arms, "You carry all of us with you," he said whilst returning his axe to him.

"That means you _walk like us," _Dad straightened Hiccups body posture, making him stand up straight. _"You _talk like us, _you _think like us." _He pointed to his head to emphasise his point. "No more of this." He gestured to Hiccup.

"You just gestured to all of me," Hiccup said somewhat irritably.

"Deal?" Dad asked.

"This conversation is feeling _very _one-sided," Hiccup said.

"Deal" Dad said again, raising his voice, instead of it sounding like a question, it sounded more like an order. Hiccup got the hint that he didn't really have a choice, so he said

"Deal," he said, sounding slightly bored, as though he had heard all this before.

"Good," Dad said, satisfied. "Train hard," he said flexing an arm, "I'll be backâ€|. Probably," he said, slightly unsure. He grabbed his helmet and placed on his head and headed for the door.

"And we'll be hereâ€|. Maybe." Hiccup said, sounding a lot more unsure than Dad.

"Bye Dad," we both said in unison.

"Bye boys, good luck in training," Dad said before the door swung shut behind him.

"So training huh, should be interesting," Hiccup said.

"Do you really not wanna fight Dragons anymore?" I enquired.

"Yes," Hiccup said.

"Why?" I asked.

"I don't know. Im going to bed," Hiccup said suddenly.

And before I could say any more, he was running up the stairs.

Well, I bet Dragon trainings going to be a nightmare, like Dragons themselves.

Finally, a new chapter. That's one thing of my mind for now, bonus chapter coming as well. Sorry once again for doing an absolute terrible job of sticking with the deadline, I suppose putting my games first was the bad choice. But Now the event is over, I should be uploading like normal again, thanks to all who kept being patient with me.

5. Bonus Chapter

The Story of Thangbrand the Thieving the 3**_rd_****_, Chief of Berk, and how he earned his name._**

Authors Note: This story is told by Eirik, just so you know. Also, this is important, this contains a bit of blood and gore themes, just a warning for those that don't like that sort of thing. By the way, this Chapter has NO RELEVANCE TO THE ORIGINAL STORY WHAT SO EVER, I simply typed it up to say sorry for not uploading for the past few weeks, but I hope you enjoy it anyway.

Thangbrand the Thieving was well renowned by the people of Berk as one of our greatest chiefs, as he helped the people of Berk defeat one of the most well-known pests on the ocean.

The Red Bandannas were a travelling, very large band of pirates, and they were exceptionally skilled at hijacking ships quickly, and easily dealing with resistance from the crews. They had been causing problems for Berk BEFORE Thangbrand was even BORN. And Berk was at an utter loss on how to deal with them because they possessed very quick ships and were more or less a hit and run type of Pirates. Throughout most of his life, Thangbrand had dreamt up plans on methods of how to deal with the pirates destroying Berks Cargo Ships and Merchant ships heading for places like Berk and other islands nearby.

Over many years, Thangbrand thought up more plans but continually had to scrap them due to several flaws he had not foreseen until he was near completion of one of his ideas. But finally after a solid 3 YEARS planning, he found a way which he was sure could work.

Thangbrand had noticed several Vikings that were smaller than the others seemed naturally quicker, quieter and more agile than the others. In short, more **_stealthy._**

And he decided that those traits could prove very beneficial to the village if used correctly. So he had them trained to steal and confuse enemies rather than fight like other Vikings. And it was very useful to the village when he tested how well this strategy worked for raiding other villages. One day, Thangbrand, a small pack of raiders which he had named The Bandits, and several stronger Vikings and him set sail for the nearby island which was originally owned by people know as the Frost Bitten. **_(Sorry if that's a terrible name, it was the best I had.)_**

The Pirates had apparently assaulted the village the Frost Bitten had built in the dead of night, so the chief decided to evacuate, as they

couldn't fight back as the pirates had already invaded, and they were somewhat ill equipped for dealing with invaders anyway, even before their armoury had been raided and the extra weapons stolen by the pirates. So they ran, ran from the pirates all the way out into the snow, 100 or so people all fleeing through a snowstorm. They appeared to have disappeared, as the Pirates certainly never heard from them again.

The Red Bandannas were victorious. The Red Bandannas had earned their name from the garment they wore proudly upon their heads, they were Red because they had actually soaked them in the blood of all they killed. Every time one of the bandannas killed, they would hold their Bandannas over the wounds of the dead and soak them, so they always kept their colour fresh.

They didn't dare attack Berk directly because they were very small in numbers when compared to Berk, so they raided Fishing and Merchant ships headed for Berk and other islands instead. This was proving a problem as Berk was running low on supplies and losing ships as well, but they didn't know what to do, so Thangbrand set of with the raiders and other Vikings to deal with the pirates.

After the pirates successfully drove out the Frost Bitten, they pretty much moved into the village and assimilated it so it would hold better against anyone who attacked. But that didn't stop Thangbrand.

Thangbrand, a small group of powerful Vikings, and the Vikings that were the stealthiest, whom he had name *_The Bandits, *_set sail for the pirates new home at sunset, ensuring that they would arrive safely in the dead of night, and they did.

They managed to spot a cave and so they carefully sailed inside and docked. They then sent the Bandits out to scout the village. The Bandits all returned safely and explained the layout of the village and what function each building served. After Thangbrand acquired this information, he concocted a plan. After he was done explaining he put his plan into action.

The strong Vikings all left the cave hideaway, with The Bandits and hid near the base of a mountain with a cart to transport stolen items. So it began.

The Bandits snuck into the village when they certain most of the pirates were asleep, snuffing out the pillars lit with fires so the pirates couldn't see if they woke up and began stealing their supplies. They stole small supplies like foods, tools and weapons, handed them off to the stronger Vikings which took them to the ship. When they had stolen all they could, the Bandits returned to the village and began sneaking up on the pirates, and slitting their throats, and wrists, guaranteeing death for them. And the pirates didn't even wake up whilst the Bandits were killing them, so they never woke up again after that. Only a few pirates escaped the silent attack we launched upon the village they took over, including their leader.

Several days later, we learned of the fate that befell the remaining pirates that survived the attack we launched on their village.

The Pirate leader, whom it transpired was named Grisly Beard the

Gruesome and Bloodthirsty, had decided that in light of what had happened to most of the other pirates, they used to be around 75 or so of them, but now they were whittled down to just 20, so Grisly Beard decided that it wasn't safe to remain where they were because they knew we would be back for the last few Pirates we missed. So he spent several more days in the village attempting to think of where to take their ships and sail to next.

The problem was, they had no ships or even a dock anymore because what they didn't know was, during the assault we launched on their village, several of our men decided to take advantage of the chaos and burned their dock, completely unbeknownst to the pirates, and of course, the blaze naturally destroyed all their ships.

So the Pirates performed the most ridiculously stupid escape attempt ever known.

Apparently they stupidly attempted to swim to a passing ship and take it over, and set off to find another home, but because of the frigid waters and lack of food, they were drained of the little energy they had mustered to attempt the swim, so they slipped beneath the waves and froze to death.

2 Weeks after that, we received some startling news.

It turned out that most of the Frost Bitten had survived out in the cold for the months they were driven out of their village, so when they learned that the pirates were gone, aside a few who stayed in the village, certain they would die if they went back out on the ocean, they returned to their village, killed the last few pirates that were still there as revenge and displayed their bandannas inside the Great Hall to remind them what had happened and the fact that they survived.

So we sent them supplies and several of our finest men, Vikings and Bandits alike to help them keep control of their village and rebuild. Because of this, by the time their current chief had stepped down and his son took up the post in his place, the village was proudly prospering and had become trading partners with Berk.

And it remains that way to this day.

We have always called upon each other in times of need, should we require a little extra food during the harsh winter months, which is most of the year, or need help dealing with more pirates, we remain strong allies.

Apparently the bloodlines also of the former Bandits still survive to this day, not many of the people in Berk know whom may be descended from the original Bandits, but it's a fact that Astrid and Sigridr are.

And so that was how Thangbrand the Thieving earned his title and his well-deserved place in Berk History.

Hope you enjoyed this little Bonus Chapter, sorry once more for not uploading when I said I would, I shall try harder. See ya all soon.

6. Encounter Before Breakfast

****_Good day to one and all. LOL. Sorry again for not sticking to my deadline, I've been pre-occupied, there is another event coming in the game I play online and its my chance to grab a super awesome unit I really want, but I am going to try harder in updating my stories during this event, please don't sue. Anyway, on with the story. By the way, I know the Chapter title was terrible._****

Chapter 6: Encounter before Breakfast.

****_Hiccups POV:_****

When I woke up, it took me awhile to realise why I felt so miserable, then I let the memories of the previous night wash over me.

Dragon Training.

Great, looks like Im caught up in something that will DEFINITELY get me killed. And I can't get out of it. Just great.

Deciding there was nothing I could do about it all, I decided to get out of bed and head to the Great Hall for breakfast before Training.

Whilst on the way over I ran into someone, almost literally at the base of the stairs that lead to the Great Hall. And that someone irritably has the ability to make me weak at the knees without doing anything.

Astrid.

"What are you doing haddock?" Astrid barked.

"Going to the hall for breakfast," I said, more like stammered madly, sidestepping her so I could continue on my way to the hall. Astrid turned around as she heard another girls voice.

"Hey Astrid who are you talking to?" her sister Sigridr asked as she sprinted down the stairs to where me and Astrid stood.

"Just Hiccup," Astrid replied, putting a somewhat large amount of contempt into her voice when she said my name.

"You make it sound as though you seriously hate me," I stuttered.

"Well I think you need to sort yourself out. Be more like your brother," she said irritably, her sister nodding in agreement.

"If I could, I would," I retorted angrily, before clapping my hands over my mouth in horror at what I had just said. _I just mouthed of too ASTRID._

If there is one thing well known about me here on Berk, other than the fact that I supposedly screw up in just about everything I do, aside from Forging, it's that I NEVER stick up for myself.

_ I usually just stand there quietly and sort of soak it all in or

just let it bounce off me, sort of zoning out on whatever the other person is saying. But no, I just had to screw up my mouth off to Astrid. And she is well known for her temper, and it's because of her temper that no-one ever speaks of her temper, lest they feel the wrath of the blonde axe wielder._

And another fact about her is no-one

Ever

Speaks to

Astrid like thatâ€¦.

EVER!

But no, I had to open my mouth. I braced myself for the pain.

Astrid pushed herself right up to my face, snarling.

"Listen here Haddock," she ordered, raising her axe threateningly.
"Don't EVER-"

Before she could continue, she was cut off by the fact that someone had just yanked her axe out of her hand. She turned away from me, her braid narrowly missing my face.

"What going on here Astrid?"

Eirik, thank Thor.

"Give me back my axe Eirik," Astrid demanded angrily.

"No," said Eirik simply, calmly.

"No," Astrid repeated furiously.

"No," Eirik repeated in that same calm voice.

"Why not?" Astrid demanded.

"Because I wanna know why you're threatening Hiccup," Eirik said.

"Because he was being rude to Astrid," Sigridr interjected.

"Rude, doesn't sound like Hiccup, perhaps he simply said something you didn't understand and decided he was being rude," Eirik said smirking.

"He was definitely being rude," Sigridr proclaimed angrily.

"What did he say?" Eirik asked.

"If I could, I would," Astrid said.

Eirik snorted with laughter at this.

"Yes, because that is something to get worked up about," he said,

smirking again. I couldn't help but smirk at this too slightly.

"He said that because-"Sigridr was also cut off by Eirik, just as her sister was moments before.

"I don't want to hear it," Eirik said irritably, as though he was having a hard day.

"But-"Astrid said.

"No, where are you two going?" Eirik asked suddenly.

"To the forest to train before official training begins today," Astrid said irritably.

"Well then, here is a good training exercise for you both," Eirik said smirking once more.

"See how quickly you two can run," Eirik said before lobbing Astrid's axe with ease all the way to the forest. Even Astrid couldn't throw an axe that far, and she is very good at throwing axes.

"HEY" Astrid roared furiously before turning towards the direction the axe went, Sigridr following behind.

"Go on, go get it," Eirik said cheerfully, as the girls went off to retrieve the lost axe; he said one more thing to them.

"And leave Hiccup alone," he shouted angrily to the girls retreating backs.

"Thanks Eirik, I owe you one," I said gratefully to him.

"Yes you do Hiccup," he said.

"Right breakfast," he said cheerfully.

"Right," I said absentmindedly, thinking about something my brother had just done.

"You okay Hiccup, still a little shaken," he said, emphasising the word shaken just as he shook my shoulder for a laugh.

"No, Eirik why did you ignore what Sigridr had to say earlier?" I asked. "You said you had something of a crush on her," I pressed on.

"I won't deny that I do have a crush on her Hiccup," he said. "But, when it comes to family, and who I chose to stick up for, its family, that's what brothers are for," he said.

"I suppose, thanks Eirik.

"You welcome," he said.

"Breakfast then," I suggested.

"Yep," he responded.

****_Another Complete Chapter. Sweet. Hope you enjoyed it and I shall**

see you all later._**

7. AUTHOR'S NOTE: IMPORTANT NOTICE

**AUTHOR'S NOTE: IMPORTANT NOTICE**

**So, as anybody can see hear, this story has sadly been abandoned. However, I decided that for anybody still interested in seeing this story finished, too revamp it. I still see that some have favourited and followed the story, so with any luck this will reach them. Anyways, I am revamping this story cause I think it was a shame how it was never complete. I'm improving the story with the revamp, just like with my other story thats under revamping, Life of Layton and Claire.**

**Anyways, for anybody wanting too read the revamp of this story, just follow this link, (if it works, links don't seem too here on Fanfiction) and go too my profile and go to the list of my works and just clickety clack the one titled "HTTYD: Hiccup's Twin - Rewrite."**

**I really hope for anybody that comes too read it that they enjoy it. Like I said, I felt bad about leaving that story behind and I want too correct that. If ya like the new one, please Review it and lemme know what ya think. I want too bring this story back up too what it was and hopefully make it better.**

**Here's the link.**

HTTYD: Hiccup's Twin - Rewrite Link (Clicky :p) -_**
s/9614417/1/HTTYD-Hiccups-Twin**_

Enjoy!

End
file.